

Lyked him the bet, as, God do bote,
To som folk ofte newe thing is swote.
Anoon her herte hath pitee of his wo,
And, with that pitee, love com in also;
And thus, for pitee and for gentillesse,
Refreshed moste he been of his distresse.
She seide, certes, that she sory was
That he hath had swich peril and swich cas;
And, in her frendly speche, in this manere
She to him spak, and seide as ye may here.

E ye nat Venus sone and Anchises?
In good feith, al the worship and encrees
That I may goodly doon yow, ye shul have.

Your shippes and your meynce shal I save;
And many a gentil word she spak him to;
And comaunded her messageres go
The same day, withouten any faile,
His shippes for to seke, and hem vitale.
She many a beste to the shippes sente,
And with the wyn she gan hem to presente;
And to her royal paleys she her spedde,
And Eneas alwey with her she ledde.
What nedeth yow the feste to descryve?
He never beter at ese was his lyve,
ful was the feste of deyntees and richesse,
Of instruments, of song, and of gladnesse,
And many an amorous loking and devys.

This Eneas is come to Paradyse
Out of the swolow of helle, & thus in joye
Remembreth him of his estat in Troye.
To dauncing/chambres ful of parements,
Of riche beddes, and of ornaments,
This Eneas is lad, after the mete.
And with the quene whan that he had sete,
And spyces parted, and the wyn agoon,
Unto his chambres was he lad anoon
To take his ese and for to have his reste,
With al his folk, to doon what so hem leste.

Ther nas coursere wel ybrydled noon,
Ne stede, for the justing wel to goon,
Ne large palfrey, esy for the nones,
Ne juwel, fretted ful of riche stones,
Ne sakkes ful of gold, of large wighte,
Ne ruby noon, that shynede by nighte,
Ne gentil hautein faucon heronere,
Ne hound, for hert or wilde boor or dere,
Ne coupe of gold, with florins newe ybete,
That in the lond of Libie may be gete,
That Dido ne hath hit Eneas ysent;
And al is payed, what that he hath spent.
Thus can this noble quene her gestes calle,
As she that can in freedom passen alle.

Eneas sothly eek, withouten lees,
Hath sent unto his shippe, by Achates,
After his sone, and after riche thinges,
Both ceptre, clothes, broches, and eek ringes,
Som for to were, and som for to presente
To her, that al this noble thinges him sente;
And bad his sone, how that he sholde make
The presenting, and to the quene hit take.

Repaired is this Achates again,
And Eneas ful blisful is and fain
To seen his yonge sone Ascanius.

But natheles, our autour telleth us,
That Cupido, that is the god of love,
At preyere of his moder, hye above,
Hadde the lyknes of the child ytake,
This noble quene enamoured to make
On Eneas; but, as of that scripture,
Be as he may, I make of hit no cure.
But sooth is this, the quene hath mad swich chere
Unto this child, that wonder is to here;
And of the present that his fader sente
She thanked him ful ofte, in good entente.

This is this quene in plesaunce & in joye,
With al this newe lusty folk of Troye.
And of the dedes hath she more enquired
Of Eneas, and al the story lered
Of Troye; and al the longe day they tweye
Entendeden to spoken and to pleye;
Of which ther gan to breden swich a fyr,
That sely Dido hath now swich desyr

With Eneas, her newe gest, to dele,
That she hath lost her hewe, and eek her hele.
Now to the effect, now to the fruit of al,
Why I have told this story, and tellen shal.
Eneas I beginne; hit fil, upon a night,
Whan that the mone upreysed had her light,
This noble quene unto her reste wente;
She syketh sore, and gan herself turmente.

She waketh, walweth, maketh many a brayd,
As doon these lovers, as I have herd sayd.
And at the laste, unto her suster Anne
She made her moon, & right thus spak she thanne.
Ou, dere suster myn, what may hit be
That me agasteth in my dreame? quod she.
This ilke Troyan is so in my thoght,
for that me thinketh he is so wel ywroght,
And eek so lykly for to be a man,
And therewithal so mikel good he can,
That al my love and lyf lyth in his cure.

Have ye not herd him telle his aventure?
Now certes, Anne, if that ye rede hit me,
I wolde fain to him ywedded be;
This is the effect; what sholde I more seye?
In him lyth al, to do me live or deye.
Eneas suster Anne, as she that coude her good,
Seide as her thoughte, and somdel hit with-
stood.

But herof was so long a sermoning,
Hit were to long to make rehersing;
But fynally, hit may not been withstonde;
Love wol love, for no wight wol hit wonde.
The dawening uprist out of the see;
This amorous quene chargeth her meynce
The nettes dresse, and speres brode & kene;
An hunting wol this lusty fresshe quene;
So priketh her this newe joly wo.

To hors is al her lusty folk ygo;
Unto the court the houndes been ybrought,
And upon coursers, swift as any thoght,
Her yonge knightes hoven al aboute,
And of her wommen eek an huge route.
Upon a thikke palfrey, paper whyt,
With sadel rede, enbrouded with delyt,
Of gold the barres up/enbossed hye,

Sit Dido, al in gold and perre wrye;
And she is fair, as is the brighte morwe,
That helet seke folk of nightes sorwe.
Doon a courser, startling as the fyr,
Men mighte turne him with a litel wyr,
Sit Eneas, lyk Phebus to devyse;
So was he fresshe arayed in his wyse.
The fomy brydel with the bit of gold
Governeth he, right as himself hath wold.
And forth this noble quene thus lat I ryde
An hunting, with this Troyan by her syde.

The herd of hertes founden is anoon,
With: Hey! go bet! prik thou! lat goon, lat
goon!
Why nil the leoun comen or the bere,
That I mighte ones mete him with this spere?
Thus seyn these yonge folk, and up they kille
These hertes wilde, and han hem at hir wille.

Mong al this to romblen gan the heven,
The thunder rored with a grisly steven;
Doun com the rain, with hail & sleet so faste,
With hevenes fyr, that hit so sore agaste
This noble quene, and also her meynce,
That ech of hem was glad away to flee.
And shortly, fro the tempest for to save,
She fledde herself into a litel cave,
And with her wente this Eneas also;
Inoot, with hem if ther wente any mo;
The autour maketh of hit no mencion.
Betwix hem two; this was the firste morwe
Of her gladnesse, and ginning of her sorwe.
for ther hath Eneas ykneled so,
And told her al his herte, and al his wo,
And sworn so depe, to her to be trewe,
For wele or wo, and chaunge for no newe,
And as a fals lover so wel can pleyne,
That sely Dido rewed on his peyne,
And took him for husband, to been his wyf
for evermo, whyl that hem laste lyf.

And after this, whan that the tempest stente,
With mirth out as they comen, boon they wente.
The wikked fame up roos, and that anon,
How Eneas hath with the quene ygon
Into the cave; and demed as hem liste;
And whan the king, that Yarbass hight, hit wiste,
As he that had her loved ever his lyf,
And wowed her, to have her to his wyf,
Swich sorwe as he hath maked, and swich chere,
Hit is a routhe and pitee for to here.

But, as in love, alday hit happeth so,
That oon shal laughen at anothers wo;
Now laugheth Eneas, and is in joye
And more richesse than ever he was in Troye.
Sely womman, ful of innocence,
ful of pitee, of trouthe, and conscience,
What maked yow to men to trusten so?
Have ye swich routhe upon hir feined wo,
And han swich olde ensamples yow befor?
See ye nat alle, how they been forsworn?
Wher see ye oon, that he ne hath laft his leef,
Or been unkinde, or doon her som mischeef,
Or pillid her, or bosted of his dede?

Ye may as wel hit seen, as ye may rede;
Tak heed now of this grete gentilman,
This Troyan, that so wel her plesen can,
That feineth him so trewe and obeising,
So gentil and so privy of his doing,
And can so wel doon alle his obeisaunces,
And waiten her at festes and at daunces,
And whan she goth to temple and boon ageyn,
And fasten til he hath his lady seyn,
And bere in his devyses, for her sake,
Noot I nat what; and songes wolde he make,
Justen, and doon of armes many thinges,
Sende her lettres, tokens, broches, ringes,
Now herkneth, how he shal his lady serve!
Theras he was in peril for to sterve
for hunger, and for mischeef in the see,
And desolat, and fled from his contree,
And al his folk with tempest al todriven,
She hath her body and eek her reame yiven
Into his hond, theras she mighte have been
Of other lond than of Cartage a queen,
And lived in joye ynogh; what wolde ye more?

This Eneas, that hath so depe yswore,
Is wery of his craft within a throwe;
The hote earnest is al overblowe.
And prively he doth his shippes dighte,
And shapeth him to stele away by nighte.

This Dido hath suspicioun of this,
And thoughte wel, that hit was al amis;
for in his bedde he lyth anight & syketh;
She asketh him anoon, what him mislyketh:
My dere herte, which that I love most?
Certes, quod he, this night my fadres gost
hath in my sleep so sore me tormented,
And eek Mercurie his message hath presented,
That nedes to the conquest of Itaile
My destinee is sone for to saile;
for which, me thinketh, brosten is myn herte!
Therwith his false teres out they sterte;
And taketh her within his armes two.

Is that in earnest, quod she; wil ye so?
Have ye nat sworn to wyve me to take,
Alas! what womman wil ye of me make?
I am a gentilwoman and a queen,
Ye wil nat fro your wyf thus foule flee?
That I was born! alas! what shal I do?

Telle in short, this noble queen Dido,
She seketh halwes, and doth sacrifise;
She kneleth, cryeth, that routhe is to devyse;
Conjureth him, and profreth him to be
his thral, his servant in the leste gree;
She falleth him to fote, and swowneth there
Dischevele, with her brighte gilte here,
And seith: Have mercy! let me with yow ryde!
Thise lordes, which that wonen me besyde
Wil me destroyen only for your sake.
And, so ye wil me now to wyve take,
As ye han sworn, than wol I yive yow leve
To sleen me with your swerd now sone at eve!
for than yit shal I dyen as your wyf.
I am with child, and yive my child his lyf.
O mercy, lord! have pite in your thoght!
But al this thing availeth her right noght;